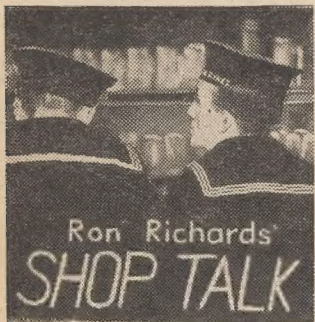


# Good Morning 217

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

**GOGGLES** gets my thanks because P.O. JOE LEWIS called at the King and Keys to see if the hound really had two black eyes, and Doris sent him around to this office. I don't have to elaborate. You know Joe!

P.O. "BISHOP" SEYMOUR, recently returned to Destroyers, looked in, too. He met Ruby, and Joe brought his wife along, and Keyhole Nixon bought us some beer.

We listened to Lewis's rendering of "Ave Maria" in "number ten," we disturbed the quiet of Fleet Street's more sombre pubs, and finished in the Three Tuns.

What a great girl is Mrs. Joe Lewis; Bunny, as he insists all should call her, is perhaps the only person capable of coping with her boisterous husband.

I owe a debt of gratitude to Bunny—the excellent "lunch" she gave us at five in the afternoon, the advice she gave me regarding a very particular party—I could go on, but instead will record thanks to Joe and Bunny for a grand night out. Hope we have many more.

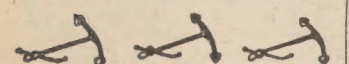


**ANYBODY** seen Timoshenko? A crew is far from being unruffled at the loss of their mascot tom-cat, particularly so because it is strongly rumoured that a Tenth Flotilla cook had rabbit on the menu in the month of December.

Should Timo have escaped that fate and you see him around, will you drop him off here some time?



The missing Timoshenko.



**WOULD** I be safe in offering to buy pints for every submariner who had never got in the Pavilion after nine through the back door?

**TRIBUTE** to Telegraphist Wilkinson, Starfish band leader, comes from P.O. Seymour. "He's a great instrumentalist," he tells me, and "Germany must be a brighter place with him around."

I suggest that Leading Seaman Peter Heather and Wilkie get together some time—this side of the water.

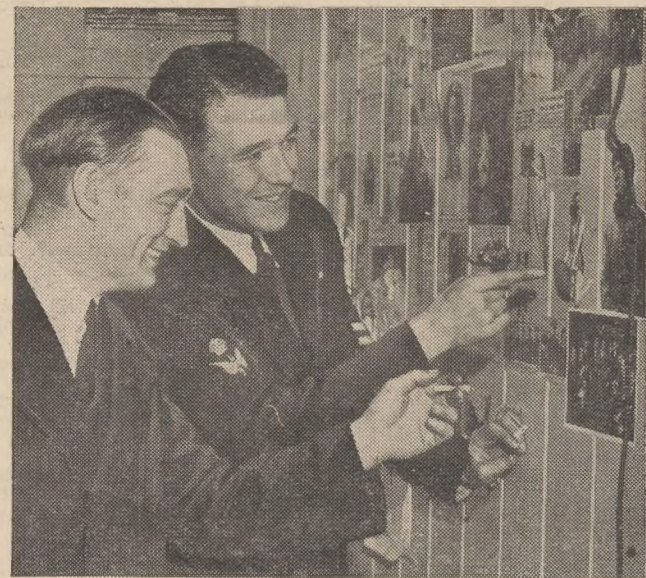


**I HEARD** an amusing tale from behind the scenes of the wedding of Leading Stoker Harry Boston, of Tantivv.

If you will forgive the familiarity, Harry, I will say that there are a lot of guys who would go overboard for a wife like yours.

By the way, in the rush I believe George Nixon, my photographer, and I could not get close enough to congratulate you. Taking this opportunity, we wish you both everything you wish yourselves.

Ron Richards



## HERE'S A PARTY PICTURE FOR A.B. JOHN J. BURNS

**WHEN** the "Good Morning" photographer called at No. 24 Florence Avenue, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, he found quite a family party who wished to be remembered to you.

The youngest member was Kathleen—who is now always the centre of interest—and she was busy with eyes wide, in expectation of getting a new dolly from Margaret, your sister. Nice little niece, isn't she, John?

Mind you, Vera, standing behind, is a nice niece, too! And she says we are to tell you that she has learned to Jitterbug, but "I ain't cuttin' a rug yet," she finished up. We will leave that to you for deciphering.

Mum, who is at the back of the picture, says she has no bottle and jug now, and sister Emily wants to know how a bottle of ale would go over.

It was Sunday afternoon when this party was in progress, and you can bet there was some excitement when this picture was taken.



This is P.O. Joe Lewis and P.O. "Bishop" Seymour having a dekho at Ron Richards' mural decorations (yes, we said "decorations") in the "Good Morning" offices.



All send you their love, John.



GEORGE PRIOR, the famous steeplejack gives you

# A CLOSE-UP of NELSON

**I CAME** down in a life-jacket, the easy way, from a war-factory smoke-stack 50 feet higher than Nelson's Column, to find the contractor's man waiting for me with a telegram.

"Nelson 100 years on column. Getting lonely. Better go up and have a look," I read.

So once again I had been offered the job of climbing up the world-famous column—a job which several of the biggest concerns of steeplejacks in Britain have turned down because of the amazing difficulties.

Since the war, though I'm too old for military service, I've been doing a job which young 'uns shirk; and I don't blame 'em. Young nerves are fiery, and it takes a calm old 'un to be a good steeplejack.

You can't afford to have any exciting imagination when you're perched in a high wind on a 350ft. stack! This is one of the times when an older man's calmer nerves are worth while.

I first got all the tips about climbing Nelson's Column from William Larkins, the steeplejack who first climbed it in 1905, when he had the job of cleaning the statue for the centenary celebrations.

Unlike the Monument, and several towers and columns in Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle and elsewhere, Nelson's Column has no internal stairway. It is a great mistake—an error which has cost the nation over £15,000 since the column was put up.

Sir Charles Barry's original design had an internal spiral stairway, but it was omitted on the grounds of economy.

The worst part of the climb is the cornice near the top, which you have to negotiate with your back to the ground. Frankly, it needs nerve, as well as a fair amount of strength. And when you get round the cornice you find that the platform supporting the statue is not flat, as you might imagine, but bevelled, with a sharp slope outwards, designed to drain away dirt and rain.

Each time I've been up there has been an inch-thick layer of slippery grime which is a death-trap to the steeplejack.

What the pigeons do to Nelson is nobody's business, but what Nelson does to the pigeons is quite interesting. His column—or at least the top platform—is a pigeons' cemetery.

I've often found over a score of skeletons of pigeons and smaller birds, and you have to clear all this debris away before you can start work on the statue.

**DINNER UP ALOFT.** Not one person in ten mil-

lion is ever likely to climb up the column to get a bird's-eye view of the statue. In fact, the only time more than a handful of people were on the top platform at one time was in the 1890s, soon after the column was complete, when fourteen people dined off rum-p-steak on the scaffolding around the top—surely one of the most uncomfortable dinner parties in history!

But if you want to see exactly what the statue is really like (few Londoners ever bother to look to the top of the column), you can see an exact replica of E. H. Baily's statue in a niche in the hall of the Admiralty; it is a life-size model.

The statue on the column is a giant, seventeen feet high. I measured Nelson's hat, and found it 3ft. 9in. across. All the details are there—the medals, and even the coat buttons, these latter being discs the size of a saucer.

What you can't see from the ground are the copper retaining bands which my colleague Larkin put round the statue some years ago, when three serious cracks were discovered. These were filled with cement and copper retaining bands put round—otherwise Nelson would have lost his remaining arm!

Poets have referred to Nelson as a "figure sailing the sky with one arm and one eye," but after a few days of hard work chipping the dirt off the column and plinth, in the wind that always seems to blow, even on the calmest, foggiest day below, you don't feel very poetic about Horatio.

The Monument is altogether a different job; in fact, it is a builder's job to clean most of the Monument's column, and steeplejacks are called in for only the highest outside work.

Some famous buildings have a jinx on them, from the jack's point of view. Boston "Stump," the famous Lincolnshire landmark, is one of these.

Fortunately, it is in fine condition now (the citizens of Boston, U.S.A., started a fund to keep the crazy steeple in good architectural order), and I for one don't relish the climb.

There is one other famous steeple in the North of England—I cannot name it, or the steeplejacks who have tended it might think that they are involved in blame—which also has a jinx.

### UNLUCKY TOWER.

A strange series of little accidents have made it unlucky. A coping-tool fell from a platform and severely injured a workman. A steeplejack was taken ill on a top platform.

Some masonry came loose during cleaning, and the vibration of a giant bell more than 120 feet above ground level started a serious weakness in the steeplejack's scaffolding, so that on the last attempt the whole scaffolding had to be condemned and a new start made.

Lincoln Cathedral is now almost out of the steeplejack's hands.

I can't say that those famous towers have a jinx, but certainly the "Lincoln Imp" brought me some hair-raising times. For a long while the towers were closed because an I.R.A. idiot had sent the cathedral authorities a threatening letter, and it was feared that an I.R.A.

bomb was to be planted in the rafters.

I was called out of bed one night to chase a suspicious native of Eire up to a high level. The police thought he was the I.R.A. man with the bomb, but it turned out to be an Irish potato-picker from a nearby farm who had indulged too much in the "White Horse" that night, and who in his stupor had started climbing.

Pretty soon he sobered up, and then, to his amazement, found how far he'd climbed, and was too terrified to get down. I had to do a good job of steeplejacking to rescue him.

### NERVE GONE.

It is easy even for trained jacks to lose their nerve in the middle of a job. One of the most pathetic cases happened recently at a military centre where U.S. Eighth Army Air Force men had taken over a factory.

One of their number, a young radio mechanic, volunteered to climb the 200ft. stack to hitch up a special radio aerial. It was nothing new to him, for in "civvie street" he had been a riveter on 100-storey skyscrapers.

Just why he lost his nerve we'll never know, but the fact is that he got to the cornice of the stack, about 15 feet from the top, and then "blacked out." He collapsed with one leg hanging over the cornice, and the danger was that at any moment he might stir, or partially recover consciousness, and fall to earth.

I've never shinned up a stack quicker. I jammed in a couple of coping pegs before the lad could move, and had a ring-line around his waist. Was his face red when we lowered him to earth!

His canteen stories of girder-work several hundred feet high above New York streets were never believed after that; but the tragedy is that he was a good steeplejack, and he just lost his nerve.

### NOT LIKE FLYING.

They called me in for constructional work on a high boiler-stack overlooking a famous R.A.F. station. The stack was off R.A.F. property, and a certain popular Wing-Commander asked if I would take him up to get some photographs, entirely unofficial, of his home station.

The Station C.O. would have to approve the photographs, so I knew I was doing nothing against the law. And as this Wing-Commander was an "ace" for low flying over Germany, I guessed his nerve was good at all heights.

But fifty feet up the stack he began to be less chatty, and at nearly 100 feet his face was quite green.

The sharp perspective of stack-climbing is a nasty, vertiginous experience! And the ace climbed down just in time!

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes  
and Ideas  
to the Editor



## PART I

# The lady in number four

ALL the evidence seemed to show that Janet Warren had come by her death accidentally. But Hugh Merrow was not satisfied. He could not banish from his mind his last glimpse of the woman's face. If ever he had read tragedy he had read it there.

He wondered what the next witness would have to say, for Mr. Edgar Baldock had been called, and the Coroner's first remark to him was, "Mr. Baldock, so far as we have been able to ascertain, you were the last person to see Miss Warren alive."

Mr. Baldock made a faint bow of acknowledgment. "A few minutes before nine last Tuesday evening," he said, "I was sitting in my garden,

when I saw a lady following the river footpath.

"The path leads close by the hedge of my garden," Mr. Baldock continued. "The lady was walking slowly and apparently deep in thought. When she came abreast of the garden—there is a gate in the hedge there—she seemed suddenly to become aware of my presence. She hesitated, then came towards the gate. I rose to meet her, thinking that perhaps she wished to see me. But her purpose was merely to ask if she were trespassing and to apologise if she were. I reassured her."

Mr. Baldock hesitated for a moment, cleared his throat, and went on.

"She thanked me, and made some conventional remark about the weather—that the coolness of the evening was very welcome after a trying day, as I remember—then she commented upon my garden. As she appeared to be interested in flowers I invited her to enter and look round. She did so, and remained for perhaps a quarter of an hour. We talked of gardens, and she mentioned that she was staying for the night at the 'Black Boy,' so I pointed out the way along the river. And that was the last I saw of her alive."

"Do you remember if Miss Warren was carrying her bag with her when you saw her?" "She was. It was made of a very beautiful piece of old brocade. I noticed it particularly."

"Did you get the impression in the course of your conversation with her that she was ill, or under any unusual mental strain?"

Mr. Baldock hesitated, as if he sought the correct words. "Quite normal, sir," he said at length. "Tired, yes, and undoubtedly nervous, but not ill. May I put it this way, sir, for I think this will really answer your question: I am convinced that Miss Warren, when I left her, had no other idea in mind but to take the walk I had suggested and return to the 'Black Boy' Inn."

The verdict returned was **Accidental Death**. Merrow was conscious of a sense of relief. But the relief was tinged with disappointment.

There had been no dramatic revelations about Janet Warren's life, none of its hidden chapters given to the world. She had come by her death, so the court found, as a result of an almost commonplace accident.

He watched the Hall clear; the public pushing its way out to discuss the verdict in the open air, and Merrow trailed out in the rear of the spectators and started slowly to make his way back to the inn.

Stephen Paternoster, his help at the inn, overtook him after a couple of minutes.

"Well, sir, that's that," he said. "A bad business, but it might have been worse."

## By Richard Keverne

But when they got back to the "Black Boy" Miss Darcy was waiting.

"Have you engaged a room, madam?" Merrow asked.

"Yes." She looked at him in a puzzled way. "I rang up this afternoon, and somebody, I thought it was Mr. Paternoster, said it was all right."

"Miss Darcy, isn't it?" Merrow was looking for the inn register.

"Yes. But—you're not the manager or the owner, are you?"

"Yes. I am the proprietor."

"Really!" He liked the way in which she drew the word. "I say, then you're responsible for all these changes. It's simply marvelous the transformation you've made." She was looking about her appreciatively. "I can hardly believe it."

"Yes. We have made some changes," Merrow said stiltedly. Then Stephen appeared from the back and took charge.

"Oh, good afternoon, miss," he said, with a welcoming smile. "I thought it would be you when I heard the name, but I couldn't be sure. Number 3, miss, the same room you had before; I remember you said you liked it."

The girl smiled, and Self came in answer to Merrow's ring.

"Tom, take this lady's luggage up to Number 3," Paternoster went on. "And if you'd just sign the register, miss—"

Merrow retreated to the back of the office bar and poured himself out a glass of sherry. Presently Stephen joined him, having disposed of the new arrival. He looked worried.

"That's a funny thing, Mr. Merrow," he said as he came in, "that lady turning up just at this moment. Not

sure it isn't going to save us a lot of trouble, though."

"Why do you say that, Stephen?" Merrow asked.

"Well, sir, Evie had been out for a breath of fresh air after the teas were cleared, and she'd been up along by the river through the woods, and what do you think she's come back with?" Stephen put the question dramatically.

"What?"

"That Miss Warren's handbag. Saw it, she did, in the water, stuck under an old root. It's the bag all right, and it's drying in the hot cupboard now."

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" Merrow exclaimed. "But what are we going to do about it?"

"That's what I mean, sir. Regular worried me it did at first, because we'd have had to hand it over to the constable, and that'd have started all the

talk again, and we don't want that."

"I agree," Merrow said seriously. "Still, I don't know—"

"Well, as I see it," Stephen interrupted, "if we hand the bag over to Miss Darcy we've done our duty. She was Miss Warren's friend, and no one need know. And if you had a word with the lady after dinner and put it to her, so to speak, I doubt she'd keep her mouth shut, too. And there's nothing wrong about it. It'd go back to her, I suppose, in the end."

Merrow was uncertain. Stephen's suggestion seemed distinctly irregular, but it was thoroughly practical.

"I'll think it over, Stephen," he said. "Anyhow, I'll talk to Miss Darcy and see what she thinks. We mustn't do anything that would cause more trouble later."

"You take it from me, sir," Stephen said, wagging his head sagely. "Everybody wants to forget that bad business and no one will thank us for stirring it up again. You have a word with her. I mean, of course, if she won't have it—well."

"I'll talk to her, Stephen," Merrow repeated.

That evening Merrow went to his dinner later than usual, for he had been relieving Stephen in the office. It was nearly nine when he entered the dining-room.

Even so it was not vacant. The chestnut-haired Miss Darcy still sat over her meal.

"I hope you've found everything to your liking, Miss Darcy?" he said.

"Charming," she answered. "You have made your very picturesque old inn a most comfortable one."

That pleased Hugh Merrow. "I am glad to hear you say that," he replied. "You see, I've got all sorts of schemes for this old place. This room, for instance. It doesn't look bad, but—"

"It doesn't look at all bad," she interrupted. "Those old prints—and they're genuine, too, I've looked at them—on these walls are just right. I used to write on interior decorating before I went to Jane—"

Miss Warren. And I've had a bit of experience."

"By Jove!" Merrow's enthusiasm was surging. "I'd be awfully glad if you'd give me a few hints."

"I've got something else I want to say to you." The girl's eyes wrinkled in amusement. "You know, I think you ought to know me."

He looked at her searchingly.

for a few moments, and she went on:—

"Haven't you a sister, Joan?"

"Yes."

"Lord's," she said. "The Eton and Harrow match. I think it was seventeen years ago. Can you remember as long as that?"

Suddenly a long-closed cell in his memory opened.

"Why, of course," he said. "Gwen Darcy. You were a pal of hers. I remember distinctly now."

His memory was growing clearer. "You were a relation of Reggie Sudbourne's, weren't you?"

"Only a poor relation. A cousin, as a matter of fact."

He had spoken of Reggie Sudbourne without any thought of Janet Warren's death, and it flashed into his mind that Janet had been engaged to Sudbourne.

But Gwen Darcy seemed to read his thoughts. She went on seriously:

"Now we've got my identity clear, let's get something else clear. You were thinking of Jane—Janet Warren, weren't you?"

"Yes. I had forgotten for the moment." He spoke in a subdued tone.

"My dear Mr. Merrow, or Hugh, as I called you that day at Lord's—I'm a grown-up woman and a sensible woman. And a practical woman, too." She snapped out the last words. "I had perhaps as much affection for Janet Warren as anybody in the world. But we can't stop talking about Reggie Sudbourne because Jane's dead. And we can't stop talking about her, either. It's just damned silly. And perhaps you wonder why I came back here so soon. Well, I don't propose to let sad or tragic memories put up all sorts of inhibitions in my life. God knows, Jane would have been the last person to want it. I came back here deliberately, for a short holiday."

"I understand perfectly," he said. "And I'm particularly glad you've come just now—this evening even."

"Why?" she demanded sharply.

He glanced quickly about the room.

"Miss Warren's missing bag has just been found—"

"Who found it? Where is it? I've got to see it," she broke in with an eagerness that surprised him.

The waitress was coming in at the door.

"You shall," he said. (To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A cachucha is a snake, Irish head-dress, kind of rubber, sweetmeat, Spanish dance?
2. Who wrote (a) The Mysterious Universe, (b) The Mystery of Marie Roget?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Trent, Thames, Liffey, Colne, Itchen, Derwent, Exe?
4. How many letters are there in the Spanish alphabet?
5. Of what wood are the "woods" used in bowls made?
6. There is a home for insects on a £1 note; what is it?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Bezant, Cachou, Exies, Folicle, Homologous, Traitorious, Rhizome?
8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to a Commodore in the Navy?
9. Who was Madame Mantalini?
10. Which is further north, Newcastle or Carlisle?
11. On what river does Gloucester stand?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) Sound as a —, (b) Blind as a —

## Answers to Quiz in No. 216

1. Tree.
2. (a) E. V. Lucas, (b) Hilaire Belloc.
3. Waler is a horse; the others dogs.
4. Twenty.
5. Ash.
6. Four; two horses and two dragons.
7. Complexion, Aureole.
8. Corporal.
9. Child hero of a novel by H. G. Wells.
10. Lt.-Col. Cyril McNeile.
11. Dee.
12. (a) Rose, (b) Hatter (or March hare).

## JANE



## WANGLING WORDS—172

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RMONI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of HOG AT REAR, to make a Northern watering-place.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: AIR into SKY, LOVE into BIRD, DOGS into BARK, FAIR into DAYS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from BLACKBERRY?

## Answers to Wangling Words No. 171

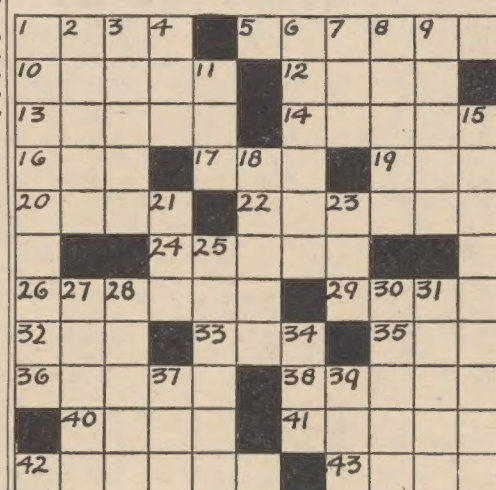
1. ALLodial.
2. INDIAN OCEAN.
3. FISH, WISH, WISE, WIRE, FIRE, FIRS, FITS, BITS, BETS, NETS.
4. BACK, BANK, BANT, BENT, SENT, SEAT.
5. WORM, FORM, FORT, PORT, PART, PAST, FAST, FIST, FISH.
6. SLAP, SOAP, SOAR, BOAR, BOAS, BOYS, BAYS, BARS, BARE, FARE, FACE.
7. Rust, True, Lure, Rule, Liar, Lair, Mare, Ream, Lame, Male, Lean, Nail, Lane, Tame, Meat, Mate, Mean, Suet, Late, Lain, Teal, Mine, Mite, Mile, Same, etc.
8. Alien, Trust, Meant, Means, Strum, Later, Trial, Treat, Trine, Nitre, Snail, Slain, Nails, Saint, Leant, Strut, Stint, Miner, Miser, Times, Smite, Emits, Items, etc.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"But, dash it, Tadcaster! The Vicar's perfectly right—give the Devil his due!"

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Molety.
5. Gliding step.
10. Afresh.
12. Tiny portion.
13. Water shed.
14. Ice cold.
16. Completely.
17. Facetious fellow.
19. Mineral.
20. Necessity.
22. Sides.
24. Willow.
26. Overcoat.
29. Short cloak.
32. Consume.
33. Vermillion.
35. Bronze.
36. Male bird.
38. In normal voice.
40. Forced smile.
41. Minister's house.
42. Dog.
43. Duck.

Solution to Problem in 216.

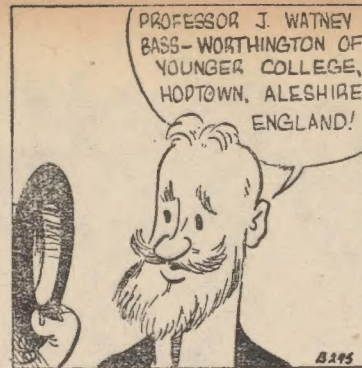
STATUS BECK  
CAN RESIDUE  
ABOUND RIPS  
RUNG ADDS  
L LINO ODE  
CALYX TENOR  
IRE IBEX M  
C AWAY IRIS  
ACRE RETINA  
DANDIES FIS  
ARTS SKATED

### CLUES DOWN.

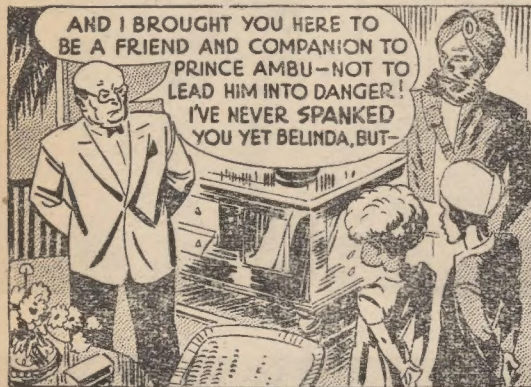
1. Addressed vehemently.
2. Nimble.
3. Big spoon.
4. Fruit.
6. Dispute over price.
7. Took food.
8. Sage.
9. Simper.
11. Novel.
15. Came down.
18. Blazing.
21. Speck.
23. Curve.
25. Unperturbed.
27. Extensive.
28. Commence.
30. Make amends.
31. Wait.
34. Barrier.
37. Outfit.
39. Rule.



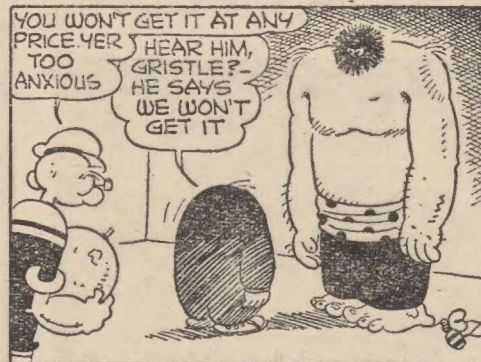
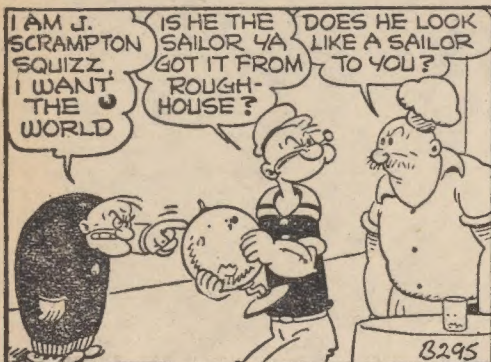
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



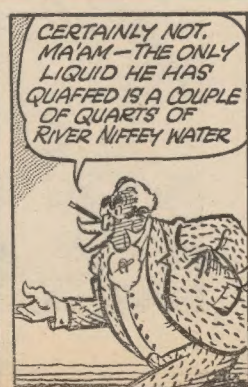
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## THE AMERICANS:

WHEN you read American speeches and study American history, you may be apt to think that Americans are very sentimental and almost canting about the holiness of their political democracy. On paper so they are, but of all people Americans recognise that life is not lived nor elections won on paper. In practice, Americans are quite serenely unsentimental; they want a man who can get certain practical things done.

Alistair Cooke.

## A DIFFERENT WORLD.

AFTER the war, whether collaboration or competition is the slogan of the peoples, Britain will face a different world. From the point of view of industry and commerce, she will face it handicapped as never before. After the war she must sell countries the things they ask for, not the things she chooses. There will be little permanent overseas market to-morrow for British beads, brass idols, bolts or nuts. Four things will keep Britain in the swim—fertility of invention, excellence of design, quality of craftsmanship, and, above all else, adaptability.

Dr. Raymond Priestley (Vice-Chancellor, Birmingham University).

## ELDERLY WOMEN.

IT is women, particularly elderly women, who fanatically maintain the importance of chastity and purity in young women, and do their best to make the world intolerable for those young women who avail themselves of opportunities denied to their elders by lack of charm. Thus, elderly women give young women good advice when they can no longer give them bad examples.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

## FREEDOM.

FREEDOM for civilised man is not a mere negative, not just freedom from; it is freedom to live as a member of an organised society, freedom to think, speak, work and worship, and to develop his individual personality in conditions that befit the dignity and greatness of the human race. Who is the more truly free, the savage who obeys no law and knows neither security nor opportunity of self-development, or the citizen of an organised community who is controlled by law, but who gains thereby the right to live unmolested and the opportunity to develop his natural talents?

Reginald Maudling.

## YOUTH.

... it is upon youth that the chief hope for the immediate future depends. This impression is not one that is usually spread by young people themselves; they are more inclined in these days to be diffident about themselves and more than a little sceptical about any hope for the future at all. It is the middle-aged, often so acutely aware of the failures of their contemporaries and of themselves, who are prone to console themselves for their own disappointments by pinning their hopes, and these are often quite unfairly extravagant hopes, on the younger generation.

Maurice B. Reckitt.

## THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

IN no sphere is the American so wary as in foreign affairs. Here he will trust no word but that of the 100 per cent. American. So what the correspondents of the great American papers write from Europe has achieved a standing higher than the words of ambassadors... whom the American considers to be only politicians, anyway.

William Penn.

## THE "NEW ORDER."

THE German New Order, which originated in "blood and soil," actually took shape as a hideous parody of our own 19th century position as "the workshop of the world," or, in other words, as the industrial paradise upon the exploited agricultural peoples of the world who supplied us with cheap food, mostly in the form of debt-payments. Substitute military for financial power, and the parallel is exact. The strength of our moral attitude towards Germany lies in our spiritual repudiation of her totalitarian philosophy sprung from her racial obsession and a philosophy all modern States are liable to succumb to by very reason of their excess industrialism.

H. J. Massingham.

## BRAIN TEASERS

1. The land "down under" is where?
2. When a Bobby says so, you're under what?
3. Whose stand is under the spreading chestnut tree?
4. What shouldn't you do under the apple tree?
5. When you get them under your eyes, they are what bird's feet?
6. How far under did Jules Verne's story go?
7. What is the country under when the military take over?

(Answers in No. 218.)



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



**This England** A view of Dunster, Somerset, with the Castle in the background and the famous Market House (built in 1589) in the foreground.

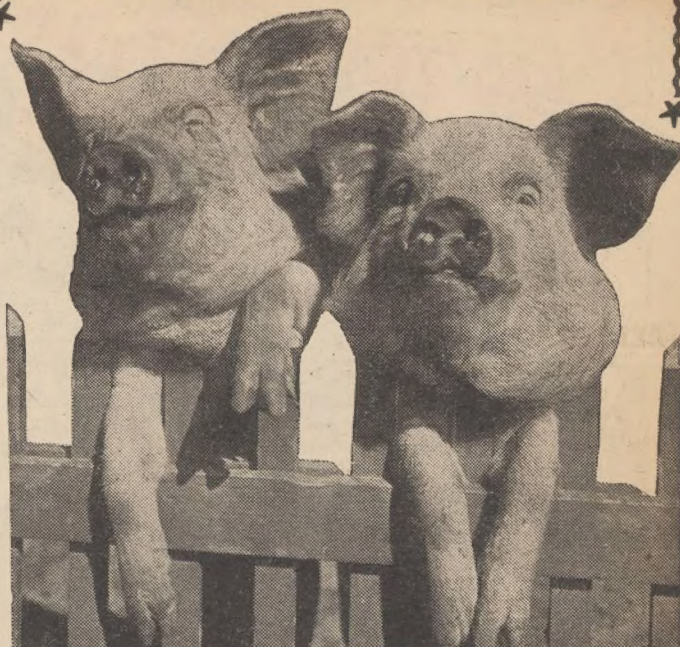


## DREAM BOATS?

Why! They even make US take mental voyages.

"Guess I kinda feel tired o' life. What IS there to live for Percy?"

"Don't be so miserable Horace. There's enough people waiting for our demise already."



Well, now. Did you ever see such an impish look? If that child couldn't just wheedle ANYTHING out of us, we'd say we had a heart of stone.

## NYLGHAI

Which means the same to us, too. Merely the name of this lovely five-week-old animal.



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Sounds like a complaint to me."

